



# FEATURE

COMICS

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GROUP

DECEMBER

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BURGLARS COULDN'T  
HAVE BEEN HERE--  
I LOCKED THE  
DOOR!



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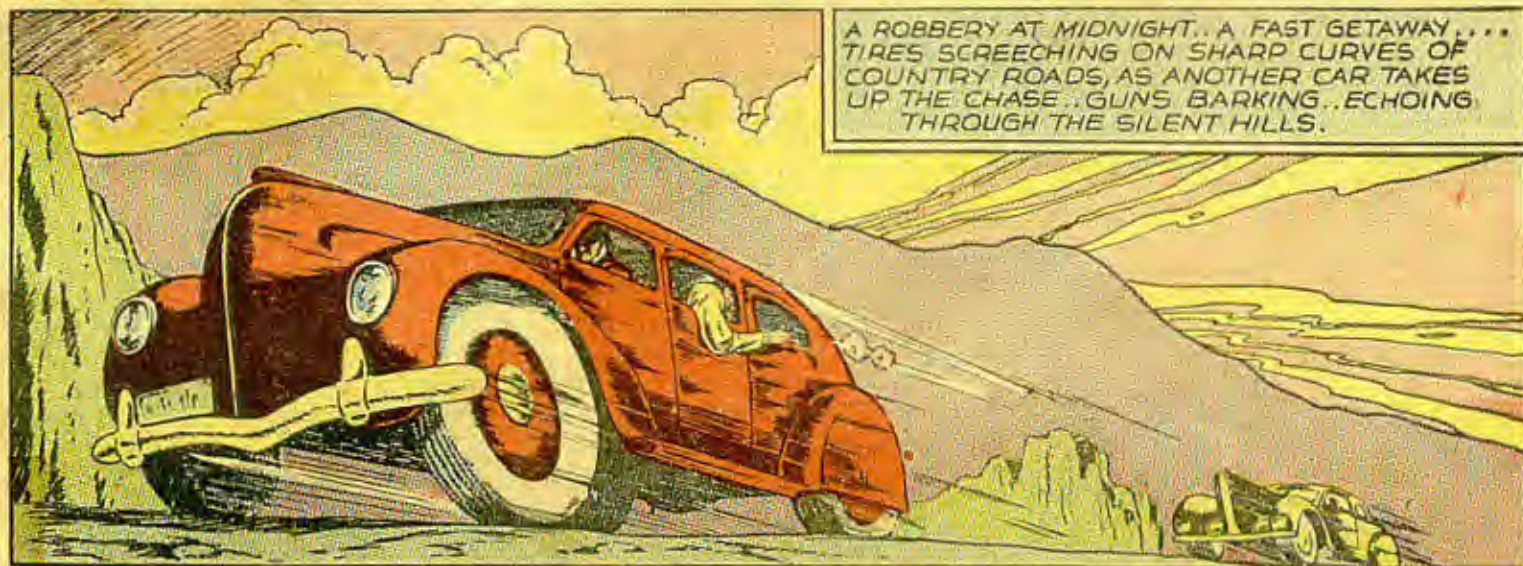


*The*

# DOLL MAN

DARREL DANE, THE DOLL MAN, FINDS AN ADVENTURE IN A FORGOTTEN WORLD OF EARLY AMERICA, IN THE DAYS OF THE PURITANS.

*by William Erwin Maxwell*



A ROBBERY AT MIDNIGHT... A FAST GETAWAY... TIRES SCREECHING ON SHARP CURVES OF COUNTRY ROADS, AS ANOTHER CAR TAKES UP THE CHASE... GUNS BARKING... ECHOING THROUGH THE SILENT HILLS.



THE GANGSTERS AND PURSUERS RIP WILDLY UP THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN.



YOU'RE MAD, DARRELL! IF WE DO CATCH THOSE THUGS, WHAT THEN? WE HAVE NO GUNS.

YOU'RE NOT FORGETTING THE DOLL MAN, ARE YOU, PROFESSOR?



IN THE THUGS' CAR.

WE CAN'T SHAKE THOSE BIRDS, BOSS!

HIT THE TIRES, YOU DOPE!



SUDDENLY..



LOOK OUT!



THE AVALANCHE SENDS BOTH CARS CRASHING INTO SMOKING WRECKAGE.



THE CROOKS CLIMB OUT.



THE MONEY'S IN THERE WITH JOE. HE'S DEAD!

WE GOTTA LEAVE 'EM! THE COPS'LL BE HERE!



COME ON!

BUT WE'RE MILES FROM ANYWHERE, ON THIS ROAD!

HEY, LOOK! A CAVE. WE CAN HIDE TILL THE HEAT IS OFF!

HURRIEDLY, THE THUGS SEEK THE ROCKY SHELTER.





THEY FIND NOT A CAVE, BUT A  
LONG, DARK TUNNEL.



HEY, WHERE WE GOIN'?  
AIN'T THERE NO  
BOTTOM TA THIS  
PLACE?



SUDDENLY THE LEADER, SLIM,  
STOPS SHORT, AMAZED AT  
WHAT HE SEES.



AM I DREAMING?  
NO, I CAN'T BE,  
I GOT INSOMNIA!

WE SHOULD  
TAKO OUR  
CHANCES WITH  
THE COPS!



MEANWHILE, SOUNDS OF LIFE  
COME FROM DARREL DANE'S  
BURIED CAR.



TRAPPED? WELL,  
THERE'S ONE  
WAY OUT!



TRANSFORMING HIMSELF INTO  
THE AMAZING LITTLE FIGURE  
OF THE DOLL MAN, HE SHOOTS  
OUT OF THE WINDOW.



IF I CAN SHOVE  
SOME OF THESE  
BOULDERS  
OFF THE  
DOOR...



SOON THE CAR EMERGES FROM ITS  
STONY GRAVE.



COME ON,  
PROFESSOR.  
TIME TO GET  
UP!







ONCE MORE THE DOLL MAN APPEARS IN PLACE OF DANE.



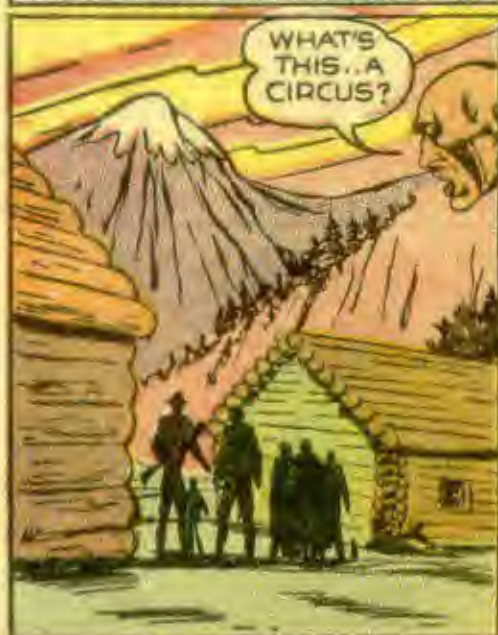
TEN MILES UP THE ROAD.



THAT'S RIGHT...I PASSED A CAVE...I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THEY'D SLIP IN THERE!



MEANWHILE, THIS IS WHAT SLIM AND HIS MEN HAVE SEEN.



WHITHER GOEST THOU, STRANGER?



HA HA /A MERRY DEVIL! BUT WHAT STRANGE ATTIRE?









BEYOND THE MYSTERIOUS VALLEY, THE DOLL MAN FINDS A SMALL ENTRANCE TO A TUNNEL...



HE FOLLOWS SWIFTLY THROUGH...



AND COMES UPON THE PURITAN SETTLEMENT...



AMAZING! THESE PEOPLE HAVEN'T CHANGED THEIR WAY OF LIVING FOR OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS.



THEY'RE CARRYING ALL THE GOLD INTO THAT HOUSE... STRANGE!



SOMETHING'S VERY WRONG HERE... THAT YOUNG PRICILLA IS WEEPING!



THE DOLL MAN LEAPS TO A SACK OF GOLD AND JEWELRY THAT THE GIRL IS CARRYING.



AH! SO YOU'VE DECIDED TO OBEY THE MEN FROM THE NEW WORLD! NOW ...



... A KISS?



THE VILLAGER IN THE GANGSTERS' PAY, QUICKLY LEARNED THEIR EVIL WAYS.



SUDDENLY...

















# RANCE KEANE

WILL ARTHUR

HARVEY TOPPING'S TWIN BROTHER TRIED TO BILK HARVEY OUT OF THE FAMILY FORTUNE WHEN RANCE KEANE BALKED THE PLOT.... SEEKING A WAY TO REWARD HIS FRIEND RANCE, WITHOUT INSULTING HIM, HARVEY INVITES RANCE ON A "TREASURE" EXPEDITION HE'S FINANCING.... THE SCENE NOW, COLUMBUS CIRCLE, NEW YORK CITY.....

THAT SOUNDS LIKE A SWELL SCHEME, HARVEY! OF COURSE I WANT TO GO WITH YOU!

AS TOPPING PASSES A BLIND MAN IN THE CIRCLE HE SHELLS OUT A DOLLAR, AND SLIPS IT INTO THE CUP.....

GOSH 'ALL HAY HOOKS, IF TOPPING CAN AFFORD T'GIVE A BLIND JASPER THAT MUCH, HE CAN TAKE ME ON THIS TRIP TOO, CAN'T HE?

I'M SURE HE MEANS FOR YOU TO GO ALONG, PEE WEE... ISN'T THAT GIRL OVER THERE GOOD LOOKING!?

SHE WAS KINDA PRETTY, BUT TOUGH TOO, DON'TCHA THINK?

THAT'S THE MAN, HARVEY TOPPING. I TOLD YOU ABOUT FOLLOW HIM. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

SOL, IT'S NOT FAIR TO MAKE ME.....

YOU FOLLOW TOPPING AND GET WHAT I TOLD YOU, OR I'LL.....

OOOW!... SOL! I'LL DO IT! I'LL DO IT!

AT THE ENTRANCE TO HARVEY TOPPING'S SWANKY HOTEL.....

I'VE HAD A CHART EXPERT CHECK MY MAP AND HE SAYS IT LOOKS GENUINE. I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU UP IN MY LIVING ROOM.

WE USED TO HAVE TREASURE HUNTS OUT WEST WHEN I WAS A KID. NEVER FOUND NOTHING BUT SACKS FULLA CANDY, THOUGH.

WE FLY TO THIS POINT, BUT FROM THERE WE TRAVEL BY BOAT OR WE'D MISS THE CLUES.

IT'S ON AN ISLAND, AIN'T IT? I NEVER BEEN ON AN ISLAND IN MY LIFE!

SURE YOU HAVE, PEE WEE. NEW YORK CITY'S AN ISLAND, AND YOU... WHO IS THAT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR?

WHEN HARVEY TOPPING OPENS THE DOOR, THERE'S A STRANGE GIRL THERE....

OH, MR. TOPPING, I'VE SIMPLY GOT TO TALK TO YOU. YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR NOT PHONING FROM THE LOBBY, BUT... I DIDN'T DARE!

WELL... COME IN.



THE STRANGE GIRL BABBLES AN INCOHERENT STORY ABOUT A MAN WHO'S BEEN SHADOWING HER. SHE PLEADS WITH TOPPING TO SAVE HER.

BUT MY DEAR GIRL, THAT'S A MATTER FOR THE POLICE. I'M SURE THEY'D PROTECT YOU.

ALL RIGHT, MR. TOPPING, IF YOU SAY SO, I'LL TRUST YOU TO DO THE RIGHT THING!



BUT AFTER SHE LEAVES.....

HARVEY! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN... NOT TO WATCH HER CLOSER!... THAT GIRL'S MADE OFF WITH HALF YOUR TREASURE MAP!

WHAT!

WHEW! IS SHE SLICK!



GO DOWN IN THE ELEVATOR, PEE WEE, AND CATCH HER AT THE BOTTOM. I SAW HER DUCK IN HERE!

OKEYDOKEY, RANCE. I'D RATHER RIDE ANYWAY!



RANCE PLUMMETS DOWN THE STAIRS THREE AT A TIME. THE GIRL WATCHES PEE WEE AND TOPPING RIDE DOWN, THEN WITH GREAT DARING, SHE STEPS ONTO THE NEXT CAR, RIDES TO THE BASEMENT AND SLIPS OUT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE.....

SHE MUST'VE GOT AWAY. SHE DIDN'T COME THROUGH THE LOBBY!

AND SHE WASN'T ON THE STAIRS... WAIT A MINUTE! SHE'S THE SAME GIRL WE SAW AT COLUMBUS CIRCLE! COME ON... I'VE A HUNCH!



MEANWHILE, THE GIRL RETURNS TO THE BLIND MAN'S CORNER...

HERE'S AS MUCH OF THE MAP AS I COULD GRAB. NOW WILL YOU FREE ME, YOU FIEND!

YOU LITTLE FOOL, YOU'LL GET CAUGHT HANGING AROUND ME! LAY LOW TILL I PHONE YOU... NOW, SCRAM!



YOU WAS RIGHT, RANCE! THERE SHE GOES INTO THE PARK!

AFTER HER!



BUT THE GIRL RUNS THROUGH CENTRAL PARK LIKE A DEER.

KEEP AFTER HER, PEE WEE! MAYBE I CAN HEAD HER OFF THIS WAY!

MIGOSH, RANCE! SHE'S QUICKER'N GREASY LIGHTNING!



I GOTCHA!

HERE, NOW! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT!







BUT SHE'S INNOCENT, JUST THE SAME. SHE WAS SCARED TO DEATH TO TALK! AND WHY?... BECAUSE IF SHE DID, THE PERSON WHO PUT HER UP TO THE JOB WOULD "SET" HER... MAYBE KILL HER!..... THAT'S THE PERSON I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON!



AT THE HOTEL DESK HARVEY TOPPING RECEIVES A STRANGE NOTE...

THE "EYE," HUH? VERY INTERESTING!

Mr. JOTT

Come alone at one a.m. to the warehouse at the corner West and 3rd Street. Bring the other half of the map. DEATH if you don't! The Eye



SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT, RANCE AND HIS FRIEND PEE WEE LEE HEAD FOR THE WAREHOUSE.....



RANCE GIVES PEE WEE A HAND UP.. BUT JUST AS RANCE LEAPS LIGHTLY TO THE FLOOR INSIDE, THERE'S A SWISH... A THUD... AND RANCE SEES NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE STARS!





LEAPING BRAVELY INTO THE DARK, PEE WEE FLAILS ABOUT HIM WITH HIS FISTS... AND STRIKES NOTHING BUT EMPTY AIR... A SECOND LATER THE STREET DOOR OPENS AND A MAN DASHES OUT...



NEXT MORNING, AT HARVEY TOPPING'S HOTEL

THERE WAS NO USE WAITING AROUND ME, IS HOW THAT GUY GOT AROUND SO FAST IN THAT DARK WAREHOUSE! WHAT BEATS THAT GUY GOT AROUND SO FAST IN THAT DARK WAREHOUSE! THERE IS SOMETHING IN THAT... SAY! I'VE GOT IT!



GOT WHAT...A HEADACHE? NO, CHUMP! I KNOW HOW HE GOT AROUND IN THE DARK, HOW HE KNEW WE WERE THERE, HOW HE SPIED ON HARVEY ALL THE TIME, HOW THAT GIRL GOT RID OF THE CHART SO FAST... COME ON! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

DOWN THE STREET THEY GO AND UP TO THE CORNER....



IT HAS BEEN... INFLAMMABLE CLEANING FLUID... AND I WANT YOU TO TOSS IT IN THAT BLIND MAN'S CUP!

PEE WEE DOES AS HE'S TOLD.... FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND, RANCE TOSSES A LIT MATCH INTO THE CUP AND IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES!!!

LOOK OUT, YOU LUNATIC! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, BURN ME UP? WELL, YOU CAN HOG-TIE ME AND ALL MY KIDS THE GUY AIN'T BLIND AT ALL!



WHEN THE "BLIND MAN" TRIES TO PULL A GUN.....



AT THE POLICE STATION, RANCE CONFRONTS THE "BLIND MAN" WITH THE GIRL.....



HE MADE ME STEAL THAT CHART OF MR. TOPPING'S! I KNOW WHERE HE HAS IT HIDDEN TOO!

WHY YOU...

THE "BLIND MAN" SAFELY JAILED, CANDIDA KANE TAKES OUR FRIENDS TO THE BLIND MAN'S ROOM, WHERE THEY FIND THE CHART...

I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, MISS KANE. YOU'RE A BRAVE GIRL TO HELP US AS YOU DID! WHY DON'T YOU CUT HER IN FOR MY SHARE OF THE TREASURE WHEN WE FIND IT, HARVEY!



OH, THANK YOU...THANK YOU SO MUCH!



# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

STAND BACK,  
NIPPIE - HE SLINGS  
HIS BAT WHEN  
HE HITS!

DON'T WORRY  
- I'LL  
DODGE!



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO YOUR UNCLE  
PHIL IS SEEIN'  
THE WORLD'S  
FAIR TODAY,  
EH, MICKEY  
?

YEAH-WITH  
MR. CLANCY  
AND MR.  
HOULIHAN---  
I GOT HIM A PASS  
- SO HE'LL SEE A  
LOT OF THINGS  
FREE!



AW-DON'T TAKE  
A WHEELCHAIR,  
PHIL... LET'S  
WALK AROUND  
TOGETHER!

NOPE-THIS  
IS EASIER!  
I'LL SEE YA  
AT TH' LAGOON  
OF NATIONS AT  
THREE O'CLOCK!



THAT'S THE  
COMMUNICATIONS  
BUILDING ON  
YOUR RIGHT,  
SIR...

A VERY  
IMPOSING  
STRUCTURE,  
I'D SAY!



THERE'S A MILLION  
DOLLARS WORTH  
OF ART IN THAT  
BUILDING... I'LL  
WAIT IF YOU WISH  
TO SEE IT...

NO... I'VE  
SEEN ALL  
THE OLD  
MASTERS  
ON MY  
TRIPS TO  
EUROPE!



THE AMUSEMENT  
AREA IS AWAY  
OVER ON THE  
OTHER SIDE... DO  
YOU WISH TO SEE  
THAT TOO?

OF COURSE  
... I DO  
THINGS  
UP RIGHT!  
JUST  
KEEP  
PUSHIN',  
BUD!



YOU'VE SEEN  
ABOUT  
EVERYTHING  
NOW, SIR!

VERY WELL...  
YOU MAY PUSH  
ME BACK TO  
WHERE I'M  
GOING TO MEET  
MY FRIENDS!



HERE YOU  
ARE, SIR---  
THE  
LAGOON  
OF NATIONS!

THANKS VERY  
MUCH... AND I  
GUESS YOU'LL  
WANTA SEE  
MY PASS NOW?



SAY-THIS PASS  
AIN'T NO GOOD ON  
THESE WHEEL-  
CHAIRS, MISTER!  
YOU OWE ME  
\$3.00

WHAT?!  
YOU'LL  
GET NO  
THREE  
BUCKS  
FROM  
ME!!



LISTEN, SKINFLINT!!  
YOU'LL GIVE ME  
MY THREE  
BUCKS-- OR  
ELSE!!

OR  
ELSE  
WHAT?!!





# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

BUT, NIPPIE—  
D'YA THINK  
YOU CAN SING  
GOOD ENOUGH  
TO BE IN THE  
GLEE CLUB?

SAY—I'LL  
BE IN  
ALRIGHT,  
WHEN THE  
TEACHER  
HEARS  
ME!



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

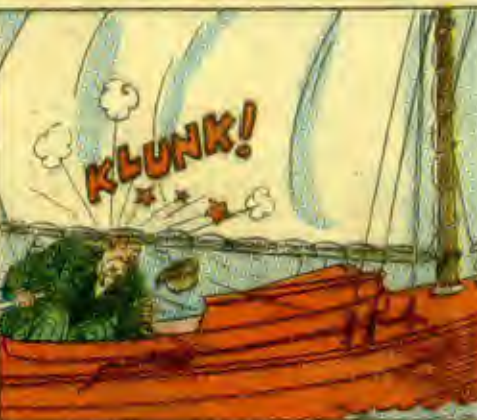
MICHAEL—DO  
YOU AN' TOM  
WANTA SAIL  
ON THE LAKE?  
I'M GONNA  
RENT A  
BOAT...

NO THANKS,  
UNCLE PHIL...  
WE'RE GOIN'  
FOR A NICE  
HIKE INTO  
THE MOUNTAINS



ARE YOU SURE  
YOU CAN SAIL  
HER, MISTER?  
IT'S KINDA  
WINDY OUT  
THERE.

LISTEN, BUD...  
I'VE SAILED  
AROUND THE  
WORLD MANY  
TIMES, AND I  
NEVER USED  
A SAILBOAT  
MORE THAN 8  
FEET LONG!



WOW! THIS HIKE IS KILLIN'  
ME, MICKEY... IF WE'D HAVE  
GONE SAILIN' WITH YOUR  
UNCLE WE'D BEEN SMART...  
AN' WE WOULDN'T BE TRYIN'  
TO THUMB A RIDE  
LIKE THIS!

YEAH!





# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

DON'T TRY TO  
KNOCK YOUR BEST  
BALL ACROSS THAT  
POND, NIPPIE...USE  
AN OLD BALL!

AW-  
I  
WON'T  
LOSE  
IT IN  
THERE

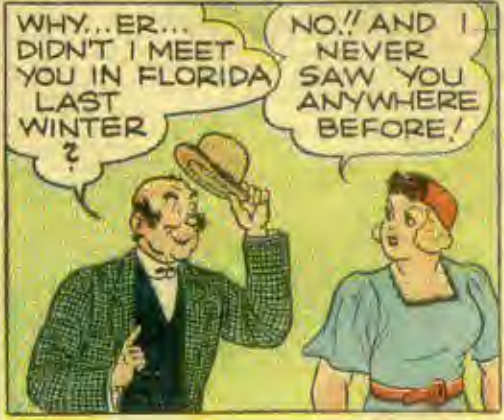


## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

DID YOUR UNCLE  
PHIL REALLY  
PROMISE YOU  
THAT HE'D STAY  
OUT OF CLANCY'S  
TAVERN, MICHAEL?

YES--I  
SHOWED  
HIM THAT  
HE ALWAYS  
GETS IN  
TROUBLE  
THERE,  
MA!



WELL NOW-  
THAT'S NO  
REASON WE  
CAN'T BE FRIENDS,  
IS IT?

OH...SO YOU  
WANTA  
BE REAL  
FRIENDLY,  
EH?



SURE! WHAT  
D'YA SAY IF  
WE TAKE IN  
A MOVIE,  
HUH?

WELL-FIRST  
I WANT TO  
STOP IN A  
PLACE DOWN  
HERE TO SEE A  
FRIEND...



YEAH...YEAH, MICKEY.. HE  
FLIRTED WITH A POLICEWOMAN  
AN' THEY GOT HIM HERE...

YOU BETTER  
GET RIGHT  
DOWN!!



A MASHER, EH?  
WELL--TEN  
DOLLARS, OR  
TEN DAYS!!



GEE--MAYBE YOU'RE  
BETTER OFF IN THERE  
AFTER ALL... BUT  
DON'T BE LATE FOR  
SUPPER!





# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

SO HELEN  
WON'T GO TO  
ED'S PARTY  
WITH YOU, EH  
NIPPIE?

AW—I DON'T  
CARE—I'LL  
ASK  
BETTY  
T'GO!

BUT—WHAT  
IF BETTY  
FINDS YOU  
ASKED HELEN  
FIRST?

SAY—BETTY IS  
SO CRAZY  
ABOUT ME  
SHE WON'T  
MIND PLAYIN'  
"SECOND  
FIDDLE"

BUT BETTY...!

SWACK!!

## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

BOY! I GUESS  
THERE'LL BE  
LOTS OF CHEATIN'  
IN THAT GOLF  
GAME BETWEEN  
YOUR UNCLE PHIL  
AND HOULIHAN,  
MICKEY!

NO—THEY  
PROMISED  
T'PLAY FAIR—  
IT'S FOR  
THE CHAMP-  
IONSHIP OF  
CLANCY'S  
TAVERN...

YEAH—MR.  
HOULIHAN IS  
'WAY OVER IN  
THAT PATCH  
OF WOODS!

FINE—THAT'S  
ALL I WANT  
TO KNOW,  
SON!

NOW HE'S DOWN  
IN THAT DEED  
TRAP ON THE  
RIGHT....

THEN  
HE'LL  
NEVER  
KNOW..

MR. HOULIHAN  
IS DOWN IN  
THAT BIG DITCH  
NOW—I CAN  
ONLY SEE  
HIS HEAD....

THEN IT WON'T  
HURT IF I  
THROW THE  
BALL OUT AND  
AWAY FROM  
THAT MARSH!

OKAY—HE  
STILL HASN'T  
COME UP  
OVER THE  
HILL....

THEN I'LL  
JUST MAKE  
THIS A LITTLE  
EASIER FOR  
MYSELF!

NOW HE'S  
AWAY OVER  
ON THAT  
OTHER  
FAIRWAY!

THAT'S FINE!  
I'LL TAKE MY  
BALL OUT  
FROM AMONG  
THEM  
ROCKS!

THERE GOES  
MR. HOULIHAN—  
DOWN INTO THE  
BUNKER TO OUR  
LEFT....

AH... A BIT OF  
'HEEL WORK"  
WILL HELP ME  
HERE!

I'M SURE I  
SAW YOUR  
BALL GO IN  
THESE BUSHES,  
MR. FINN....

WELL...MAYBE  
IT HIT A TREE  
AN' BOUNCED  
BACK OUT!

PSSST... MR.  
HOULIHAN'S  
CADDY IS  
LOOKIN' THIS  
WAY. DON'T  
MOVE THE  
BALL!

DON'T WORRY...  
I GAVE HIS  
CADDY A BUCK  
NOT TO SEE  
TOO MUCH...  
HA HA!!

WELL, HOULIHAN...  
THERE! THAT  
MAKES OUR  
SCORE A TIE!  
SO THE BETS  
ARE  
OFF!

OKAY...PUT  
OUR CLUBS  
IN THE CAR,  
BOYS!

WHAT??  
D'YA MEAN  
MR. HOULIHAN  
CHEATED  
TOO?

AN' HOW! WHY  
HE ONLY  
COUNTED  
HALF HIS  
STROKES!

GOSH, TOM--  
MR. HOULIHAN  
AND UNCLE PHIL  
ARE GOOD!  
THEY BOTH HAD  
AN 82 SCORE!

AND GOLF IS  
FOR GENTLE-  
MEN LIKE  
US, PHIL!

(YOU ARE  
RIGHT, MR.  
HOULIHAN!)



# DUSTY DANE

GENERAL YIN, A BOATLOAD OF ARMS WILL ATTEMPT TO RUN OUR ENEMY'S BLOCKADE INTO CHINA NEXT WEEK!

GOOD! WE NEED THAT WAR MATERIAL BADLY!

SOMEWHERE ON THE PACIFIC A STORM-BATTERED FREIGHTER WALLOWS THROUGH THE SWELLS

THAT BLASTED STORM SLOWED US UP, BUT WE MUST MAKE PORT BEFORE THE INVADER PATROL SPOTS US!

老子  
老子

CAPTAIN GALT! SMALL BOAT TO STARBOARD!

OFF THEIR COURSE, DUSTY DANE AND BIG MIKE CARDIGAN ARE RIDING OUT THE STORM, WITH FOOD AND WATER ALMOST GONE...

THE FREIGHTER LOOMS ALONGSIDE

AHOY! HEAVE US A LINE!

I'M CAPTAIN JOHN GALT.. AND YOU'LL WORK YOUR WAY ON THIS SHIP!

WAIT A MINUTE! THIS WAD WILL BUY OUR PASSAGE ON EVEN THE QUEEN MARY!

LOOK, DUSTY! A SHIP!

YIPPEE! RUN UP OUR DISTRESS SIGNAL!

NO.. GIMME!! YOU'LL STILL WORK YOUR WAY!

YOU BIG SEA APE!

UGH! TAKE THIS THICK-HEADED MICK BELOW!

POW

DEEP IN THE BOWELS OF THE SHIP, MIKE AND DUSTY ARE PUT TO WORK...

LET'S SEE YA FIGGER A WAY OUTTA THIS ONE!



A HEAVY FOG BLANKETS THE SEA AS CAPTAIN GALT NEARS THE COAST OF CHINA...

NOW FER TH' DASH, CAP'N!



YEAH! TELL THEM MONKEYS IN THE STOKE HOLD T'HEAVE ON COAL!



FULL SPEED AHEAD



FULL SPEED AHEAD.. AND WE'RE IN THE CHINA SEAS! I GOT IT.. GALT'S TRYING TO RUN THE INVADERS' BLOCKADE!



YEAH.. AN' IF WE'RE CAUGHT ON THIS SCOW IT'S CURTAINS FOR US!



WITH NO LIGHTS AND ENGINES POUNDING, CAPTAIN GALT DASHES FOR HIS PORT.



BUT THE DELICATE HYDROPHONES OF AN ENEMY SUBMARINE PICK UP THE SOUND OF THE ENGINES...



...AND SOON A SEARCHLIGHT STABS THE DARKNESS, REVEALING THE SHIP...

HEAVE TO... OR WE OPEN FIRE !!



THEY GOT US!

WE'RE GONNA MAKE A RUN FOR IT! I'M DELIVERIN' THESE ARMS. SO I CAN GET MY DOUGH!



THE FOOLS! THEY'VE SEALED THEIR OWN DOOM!









THE FREIGHTER POISES FOR ITS FATAL PLUNGE... THEN GOES UNDER, CREATING A HUGE WAVE...



THE U-BOAT TIPS CRAZILY FROM THE WASH...



GRAB HIS GUN, DUSTY!

O.K.! UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE AN ANGEL, HEAD THIS SUB TOWARD SHORE!



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN GALT BEACHES THE LAUNCH...



YOU'VE FAILED! AND EXPOSED OUR POSITION!

BUT, YIN.. LISTEN...

MIKE, WE OUGHTA REACH SHORE NEARLY AS SOON AS GALT.. AND WE'LL RUN IN HARD ENOUGH TO BEACH THIS PIG BOAT! YOU'RE COMIN' TOO, CAPTAIN!



THE CHINESE ARE ENRAGED OVER GALT'S FAILURE TO DELIVER THE MUNITIONS.



SO..PREPARE TO DIE!

NO! NO!

SUDDENLY A STRANGE TRIO DASH FROM THE SURF...



COME ON, MIKE! THERE'S ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US!

SAVE GALT FER ME, DUSTY!



NO BACK-TALK SOLDIER!



THERE! AN' I'LL MEET YA WITH A LEFT ON TH' REBOUND, GALT!



NOW, TELL THIS OFFICER THAT WE AIN'T REALLY A PART OF YOUR RATTY CREW... QUICK!

OKAY..OKAY! THA'S RIGHT! YOU GUYS WERE SHANGHAIED!



LATER...

OUR HUMBLE APOLOGIES..WE WILL CONNECT YOU WITH PASSAGE TO SINGAPORE!

THANKS, CAP.. THERE MIGHT BE SOME EXCITEMENT IN SINGAPORE!







SAMAR IS WANDERING  
ACROSS THE VELD'T, WHEN...



TAKING TO THE TREES, HE  
SEES A TRUCK BELOW...



THEY'RE HEADING STRAIGHT  
TOWARDS THAT ANIMAL PIT!  
THEY'LL BE IMPALED ON  
THOSE SHARP  
STAKES!



HE DROPS FROM THE TREES  
IN FRONT OF THEM...



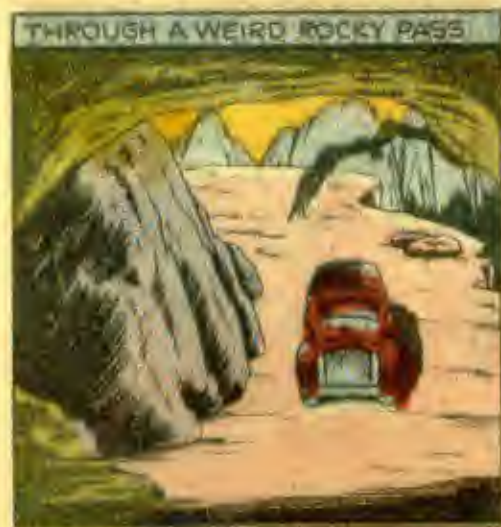
THE TRUCK SCREECHES TO AN  
ABRUPT HALT. AN IRATE GIRL  
STEPS FORTH...



WHAT'S  
THE IDEA,  
YOU BIG LUG?  
WE ALMOST  
RAN YOU  
DOWN!













THE NEXT MORNING

WELL, SHALL WE START DOWN, SAMAR?

IF YOU HAVE YOUR CAMERA READY



BUCK, YOU STAY AND KEEP OUR BIG PAL COMPANY.



THEY START DOWN INTO THE VALLEY.

LOOK THE APE'S PAW!



I THINK HE WANTS TO GIVE US A RIDE DOWN!

LET'S TRY IT!



THE GIANT DEPOSITS THEM GENTLY ON THE VALLEY'S FLOOR.

JUST LIKE AN ELEVATOR



THEY STUMBLE UPON A HOME OF SABERTOOTH TIGERS.

BE CAREFUL, THE MOTHER MAY BE CLOSE BY.

LOOK, AREN'T THEY CUTE? I'VE GOT TO GET SOME SHOTS OF THEM



THERE IS A BLOOD-CURDLING ROAR AS THE MOTHER TIGER SIGHTS THE INTRUDERS

RUN, PAT!



AS THE BEAST SPRINGS, SAMAR DODGES AGILELY AND LEAPS ON HER BACK.



OVER AND OVER THEY ROLL, AS SAMAR FIGHTS THE FIERCEST BATTLE IN HIS LIFE.



SAMAR LOSES HIS FOOTING AND IS ALMOST IMPALED ON THE BEAST'S SHARP TUSKS.



BUT HE REGAINS HIS HOLD AND PLUNGES HIS KNIFE DEEP INTO THE ANIMAL'S THROAT



AND MODERN MAN RISES VICTORIOUS OVER PRE-HISTORIC BEAST.





AS THEY START TOWARD CAMP A HUGE MASTADON CHARGES THEM.



AS THE BEAST GAINS ON THEM,  
PAT SCREAMS IN TERROR...



THE HUGE APE, HEARING PAT  
SHRIEK, REALIZES HER DANGER.



DESPITE HIS INJURED LEG HE  
AMBLES FORTH TO DO BATTLE.



THE APE REACHES THE SCENE AS  
THE TUSKER IS ALMOST UPON THEM.



SEIZING THE MONSTER LIKE A  
TOY, HE SLAMS HIM TO THE GROUND.



THEN GRABBING THE MASTADON  
BY THE TAIL, HE SWINGS HIM OVER  
HIS HEAD AND INTO A LAKE.



THE GIANT PICKS THEM UP AND  
RETURNS THEM TO THEIR CAMP.



WAIT A MINUTE,  
MY CAMERA'S  
GONE!



WELL, I GUESS IT'S FOR THE  
BEST..AS YOU SAY  
THE VALLEY IS BETTER  
LEFT UNEXPLORED.



THEY BID FAREWELL TO THE HUGE  
APE AND DEPART DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

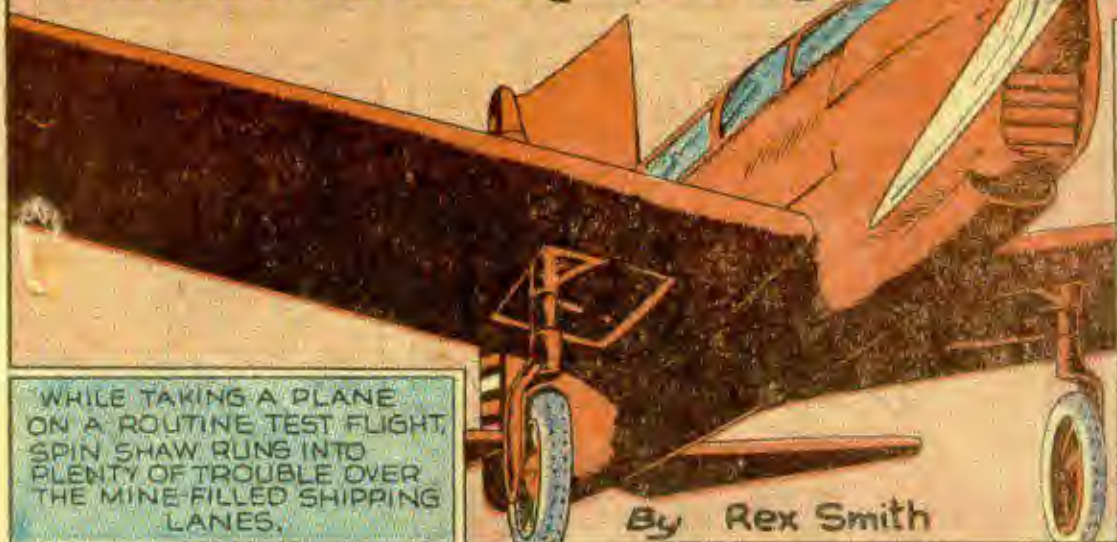


More daring deeds of Samar in the January issue of FEATURE COMICS.



# SPIN SHAW

OF THE  
NAVAL AIR CORPS



AT THE WESTERN NAVAL AIR BASE, HUGE CRANES BUZZ BUSILY



WHILE TAKING A PLANE ON A ROUTINE TEST FLIGHT, SPIN SHAW RUNS INTO PLENTY OF TROUBLE OVER THE MINE-FILLED SHIPPING LANES.

By Rex Smith

"PEANUTS," GUNNER FOR CAPTAIN SHAW, SAUNTERS INTO THE ROOM.



SAY, CAPTAIN, THE SKIPPER WANTS TO SEE US RIGHT AWAY!



WHY, WHAT'S UP, PEANUTS?



THE 'OLD MAN' SAID SOMETHING ABOUT TESTING SOME NEW PLANES.

AT HEADQUARTERS...



CAPTAIN SHAW REPORTING, SIR.

THE NEW AIRPLANES HAVE ARRIVED... I WANT YOU TO TEST THEM.



GIVE THEM THE REQUIRED TESTS AND NOTHING ELSE! YOU HAVE AN UNCANNY KNACK OF... WELL...

OF FINDING ADVENTURE ON SIMPLE ASSIGNMENTS. SO ON THIS HOR STOP FOR NOTHING



YES, SIR. I DON'T THINK ANYTHING WILL HAPPEN!





MAJOR GRAVES WALKS WITH THEM TO THE NEW FIGHTERS



SWEET LOOKING JOB, EH, PEANUTS?

SPIN AND PEANUTS CLIMB INTO THE LEAD PLANE . . .

NOW REMEMBER, CAPTAIN, COME STRAIGHT BACK..GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU, SIR!



SPIN LEADS THE FLEET OF THREE INTO THE AIR . . . .



HOW DO YOU LIKE HER, PEANUTS?

SHE'S A DREAM, CAP! A DREAM!



PEANUTS EXAMINES THE NEW GUNS..

BOY! I'D LOVE TO TRY THIS ON A REAL TARGET!



THEIR COURSE TAKES THEM SOUTHWARD OVER THE PACIFIC . . . .

MEANWHILE, DIRECTLY IN THE SHIPPING LANE, TWO MEN CAUTIOUSLY ROW AWAY FROM A GUNBOAT..

SPIN SHAW PUTS THE PLANES THROUGH TEST AFTER TEST.



HUGE MINES ARE BEING FLOATED.



SUDDENLY SPIN SHAW SEES THE OPERATIONS

THEIR LEADER SPEAKS .



HURRY UP THERE, MEN!



WHAT TH'Y?



SIGNALLING THE OTHERS TO RETURN TO THE BASE, SPIN WHIPS INTO A DIVE . . . . .



BUT PEANUTS TAKES A HAND.



DISGUSTEDLY, SPIN PULLS UP.



AND HEADS FOR HOME .



HE ENTERS THE MAJOR'S QUARTERS.



SHAW EXPLAINS.



I NEVER SAW IT FAIL TO HAPPEN! YOU FOUND TROUBLE AGAIN! ALL RIGHT.. BLAST THOSE MINES FROM THE WATERS!



THAT GUNBOAT IS NO DOUBT GONE BY NOW. BUT IF IT HASN'T, DON'T START ANYTHING!



SPIN LEAVES THE BUILDING ON THE RUN.



HOT DOG! ACTION!



AGAIN SPIN SHAW TAKES OFF..



THE GUNBOAT IS LEAVING AS SHAW REACHES THE FLOATING MINES.





SPIN AND PEANUTS  
GO AFTER THE MINES.



ONE AFTER ANOTHER,  
THEY ARE EXPLODED.



CAREFULLY THEY SEARCH THE  
SURFACE OF THE OCEAN.



THE SHIPPING LANE IS SOON  
CLEARED OF THE DEADLY MINES.



THAT'S THE  
LAST ONE,  
SPIN!

SWELL! HEY! HERE  
COME A COUPLE OF  
PLANES!

SPIN GETS IN TOUCH WITH  
MAJOR GRAVES.



THE  
MINES  
HAVE  
BEEN  
DEMOLISHED,  
SIR!

AS HE TALKS, SPIN  
FIGHTS FOR ALTITUDE.



WE'VE JUST BEEN  
ATTACKED BY TWO  
SEAPLANES, SIR!  
I'LL HAVE TO  
FIGHT!

BAH! FIGHT!  
ORDERLY, GET  
MY PLANE OUT!



MEANWHILE, SPIN  
ENGAGES THE TWO  
PLANES.



SEIZING HIS  
CHANCE,  
PEANUTS  
SENDS IN A  
DEADLY VOLLEY  
TO AN ENEMY  
PLANE.



AFIRE, THE MYSTERY PLANE  
PLUMMETS DOWNWARD.



SPIN BANKS TOWARD THE  
SECOND PLANE.

HEY! HE'S  
RUNNING!



THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, THE  
UNKNOWN PILOT HEADS FOR  
THE CLOUDS.



KEEP YOUR  
GUN READY,  
PEANUTS! WE'LL  
CATCH HIM  
EASILY.



QUICKLY SPIN COMES WITHIN FIRING RANGE.



PEANUTS RAKES THE SHIP WITH BULLETS.



THE SECOND PLANE GOES DOWN IN FLAMES.



A SHORT TIME LATER SPIN REACHES THE BASE.



SPIN! YOU ALL RIGHT? AH...ER COME INTO MY OFFICE, CAPTAIN, AND MAKE YOUR REPORT!



TO PEANUTS WAITING OUTSIDE THE SILENCE IS OMINOUS. SUDDENLY SPIN SHAW COMES OUT.

IT'S O.K., PEANUTS. THE MAJOR SAID WE DID WELL...HE'S PROMISED US SOME REAL ACTION AGAIN...IN ABOUT A MONTH!



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# Lala Palooza

GOOD NEIGHBOR  
POLICY

HM-A DROP OF RAIN-I HOPE  
IT DON'T SPOIL THE TRAP  
SHOOTING MEET THAT MY  
CLUB IS HAVING  
TODAY!



WELL, CARTERET-MAYBE  
YOU DON'T THINK I'M  
ATTRACTIVE ANYMORE, EH?  
WELL JUST LOOK AT VINCENT  
PALOOZA WAVING AN' FLIRTIN'  
WITH ME!



I'LL MAKE CARTERET  
JEALOUS-I'LL FLIRT  
RIGHT BACK AT  
MISTER PALOOZA!



GOOD NIGHT! HAS MRS.  
MC SHULTZ GONE BATTY?  
SHE'S FLIRTING WITH ME-  
UNDER THE VERY NOSE  
OF HER HUSBAND!



I GUESS ALL WOMEN ARE  
SLIGHTLY BALMY-  
I'M GOING  
SHOOTING!



OH  
VINCENT,  
COME  
HERE!

WILL YOU DROP THESE  
FLOWERS OVER TO  
MRS. MC SHULTZ-  
SHE LOVES  
FLOWERS-



NOT  
MRS.  
MC SHULTZ-  
PLEASE,  
LALA!

NOW LOOK-HERE HE COMES  
WITH **BOUQUETS** FOR ME  
AND **BULLETS**  
FOR YOU!



ARE YOU GONNA LET HIM  
**KILL YOU**  
AND **CARRY**  
I'LL SAY  
I AIN'T-  
WHERE'S MY  
LODGE **SWORD?** **ME OFF?**



RETREAT, YOU FAT  
HOME WRECKER-  
OR I'LL SPEAR  
YA LIKE AN  
ANCHOVIE!



AND YOU'D BETTER DROP  
THAT BOUQUET TOO-  
UNLESS Y'WANT IT FOR A  
**FUNERAL**  
**WREATH!**



CARTERET  
MC SHULTZ,  
I'M PROUD  
OF YOU!



AW- THEM  
SHEIK TYPES  
IS ALWAYS  
SET-UPS FOR  
US STRONG,  
SILENT  
FELLAS!

ONLY YOU, VINCENT-  
ONLY YOU CAN GO  
OUT **SHOOTING**  
AND COME BACK  
WITH **STAB**  
**WOUNDS!**





# Lala Palooza

THE GIRL  
NEXT DOOR

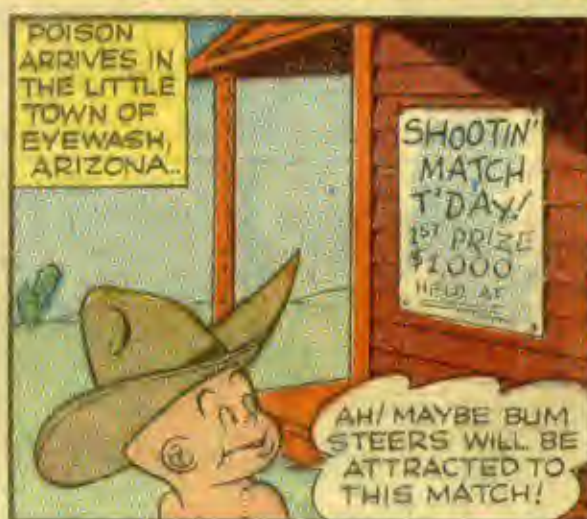




# POISON IVY

THE  
MIGHTY  
MITE

GILL  
FOX









# ZERO

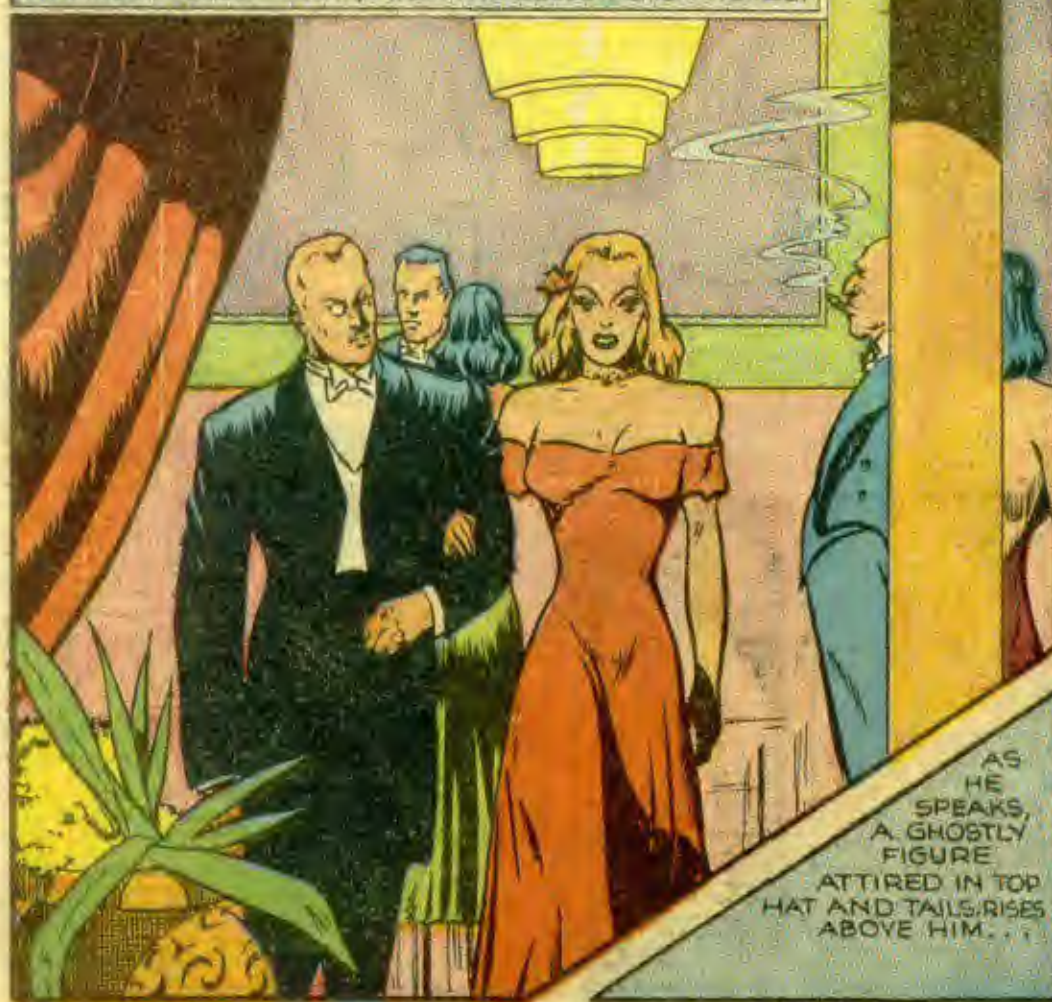
Ghost Detective

By  
Noel  
Fowler

A HAUNTED NIGHT CLUB.  
PHANTOMS IN THE MIDST  
OF SOPHISTICATED  
REVELRY... ONLY ZERO  
CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY  
OF THE SKYSCRAPER  
SPIRITS



THE "MOON GLOW ROOM," ATOP THE BELLE PLAZA HOTEL.



THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES  
TAKES THE FLOOR.

TONIGHT WE INTRODUCE  
THAT LOVELY SINGER....



AS  
HE  
SPEAKS,  
A GHOSTLY  
FIGURE  
ATTIRED IN TOP  
HAT AND TAILS RISES  
ABOVE HIM...



GRADUALLY THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE STANDS THE GHOST.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE WILL NOW INTRODUCE A NEW SHOW.



NEVER BEFORE HAS ANY NIGHT CLUB PRESENTED A PERFORMANCE OF THIS SORT! PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE THE GHOST SHOW!



BEHIND THE CURTAIN STANDS THE STARTLED FIGURE OF THE MANAGER.



I NEVER ORDERED SUCH A SHOW! IT MUST BE SOME CRAZY ACTOR'S GAG! IT'LL RUIN MY BUSINESS!

BACK IN HIS LABORATORY THE FAMOUS GHOST DETECTIVE, ZERO, CONDUCTS AN EXPERIMENT.



BUT, ZERO, THIS IS A FASCINATING SHOW. YOU SHOULD SEE IT!



AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT CROWDS FLOCK TO THE MOON GLOW ROOM TO SEE THE NEW SHOW.



THE MANAGER IS STILL IN A DAZE AS TO THE SOURCE OF THE SENSATIONAL SHOW.



STOP WORRYING, JOE. I'M YOUR PRESS AGENT, AND I SAY YOU'VE GOT THE GREATEST SHOW IN THE WORLD RIGHT HERE. WHAT DO YOU CARE WHERE IT'S FROM? IT DON'T COST YOU A CENT!





AT THE HOME OF ZERO,  
SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER



THE PAPERS ARE  
SIMPLY RAVING  
ABOUT IT. LET'S  
GO TONIGHT, SHALL  
WE?

I GUESS I'LL HAVE  
NO PEACE UNTIL  
I SEE THIS GHOST  
SHOW!

HIT SHOW  
AT MOON  
FANTASY  
SHOW N

IN ANOTHER APARTMENT,  
SITUATED AT THE NORTH  
END OF RIVERSIDE DRIVE



TOMMY MANNERS, WEALTHY  
PLAYBOY, IS DRESSING...



BRING ME A SILK POCKET  
HANDKERCHIEF, JEEVES.  
I MUST LOOK MY  
BEST TONIGHT.



AT A CENTER TABLE ZERO  
WATCHES THE GHOSTS REFORM



AMAZING!  
IF THE GUESTS  
HERE ONLY  
KNEW THE  
TRUTH!



WHAT  
DID I  
TELL YOU!  
FASCINATING,  
ISN'T IT?  
NOTHING  
LIKE IT  
BEFORE!



YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE'S  
NEVER BEEN A SHOW  
LIKE THIS! EXCUSE ME,  
I'D LIKE TO SEE  
THE MANAGER.



AS ZERO LEAVES THE ROOM,  
TOMMY MANNERS ENTERS  
WITH A GIRL.



IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE, ZERO PRESENTS HIM WITH A STARTLING FACT.



YOUR PERFORMERS HAPPEN TO BE REAL, LIVE GHOSTS. IT'S DANGEROUS TO LET THE SHOW CONTINUE, BUT TO AVERT A PANIC, I'LL LET THE SHOW GO ON TONIGHT.



SUDDENLY FROM THE MOON GLOW ROOM, A HORRIBLE SHRIEK COMES FROM PLAYBOY TOMMY MANNERS.



TOMMY CONTINUES SHOUTING AS HE IS PURSUED BY A GHOST. ZERO FOLLOWS CLOSELY.



THROUGH THE ARCHED DOORWAY HE CONTINUES TO RUN..



WITH ZERO STILL IN PURSUIT TOMMY CRASHES THROUGH THE OUTER PORCH WINDOW.



FINALLY ZERO CATCHES UP WITH TOMMY.



RESTRAINING TOMMY FROM LEAPING OVER THE SIDE, ZERO SEES THE GHOST APPROACHING.



DRAWING A MIRROR WITH A CROSS MARKED ON IT, ZERO FLASHES IT AT THE GHOST.



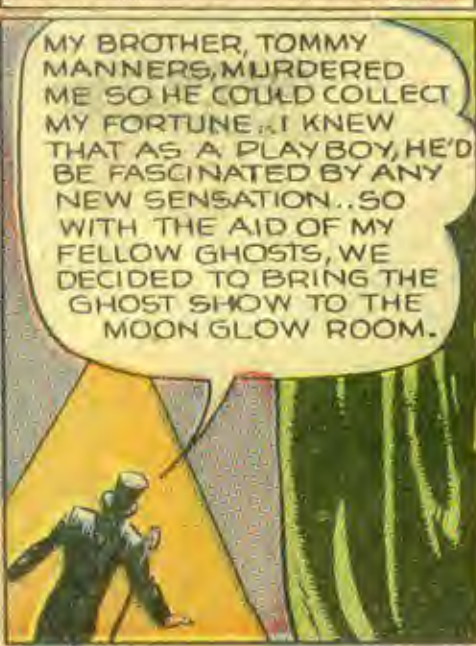


THE MIRROR HAS ITS EFFECT  
THE GHOST DRAWS BACK IN  
HORROR, AS ZERO ORDERS  
BOTH BACK INTO THE ROOM.



THE GHOST RELATES HIS STORY

MY BROTHER, TOMMY  
MANNERS, MURDERED  
ME SO HE COULD COLLECT  
MY FORTUNE. I KNEW  
THAT AS A PLAYBOY, HE'D  
BE FASCINATED BY ANY  
NEW SENSATION... SO  
WITH THE AID OF MY  
FELLOW GHOSTS, WE  
DECIDED TO BRING THE  
GHOST SHOW TO THE  
MOON GLOW ROOM.



ZERO DOESN'T NOTICE THE  
OTHER GHOSTS STEAL UP  
BEHIND HIM.



SUDDENLY THEY GRAB HIM,  
FORCING HIM TO DROP HIS  
MIRROR.



AT THAT MOMENT THE GHOST  
SPRINGS UPON TOMMY,  
AND STRANGLES HIM.



THE LIGHT BLINDS  
THE GHOSTS

BUT  
FROM  
HIS  
POCKET  
ZERO  
DRAWS  
A SULPHUR  
DUS  
MATCH.



UNDER THE EFFECT OF  
THE SULPHUR, THE  
GHOSTS VANISH.



THE AUDIENCE THINK  
ING THIS PART OF  
THE SHOW,  
APPLAUD. . . .



AND THIS, FOLKS,  
IS THE FINAL  
PERFORMANCE  
OF THE GHOST  
SHOW!

LIFTING THE DEAD BODY OF  
TOMMY, ZERO EXITS AMID THE  
APPLAUSE





THE DEMON OF  
DESTRUCTION

# Captain Bruce Blackburn COUNTERSPY

by  
HARRY  
FRANKS  
CAMPELL

CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN, ACE OF THE ARMY INTELLIGENCE, IS OFFICIALLY DEAD, SO IS HIS "DOUBLE," LIEUTENANT JACKSON. NOW BRUCE, AS "BLACK," IS A MEMBER OF THE "UN-AMERICAN BAND."

TO ANYONE LISTENING, THESE 2 MEN SEEM RABID MEMBERS OF THE ANTI-AMERICAN BAND—

IN NEW YORK, PEOPLE LIKE FLIES SHALL DIE, FRIEND **BLACK!** GOOD!



YET, ONE MAN IS BRUCE BLACKBURN, CAPTAIN IN THE U.S. MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

ZORN! LOOK! UP THERE!

BLACK! WHAT IS IT?

AND ZORN, HOW DO WE KILL THESE FOOLS?

I DO NOT KNOW.... LATER WE—



A BOY!

YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT—HIS—HIS CLOTHES!



AND, SWOOPING DOWN FROM A BUILDING TOP ON A ROPE AND PULLEY, IS A BOY IN STRANGE ARRAY...

HI-HO! I'M COLOSSAL GUY!

A GAME!

AM I CRAZY?



LOOK, ZORN! HEAVENS! THE ROPE! IT'S FRAYING!



AND ON THE BUILDING TOP, A SHARP METAL EDGE SAWS AT THE SWAYING ROPE.



HE'LL BE KILLED!

NOT IF I—



~CAN HELP IT!







HELP! I'M GONNA FALL!

I'LL HELP YOU, SONNY!



YEOW!



AS THE FALLING BODY REACHES BRUCE, HE GRABS THE BOY AND DRAGS HIM TO SAFETY



NOW, BUD, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THAT FOOL STUNT?

I WAS PLAYIN' COLOSSAL GUY! YOU KNOW, IN THE FUNNIES! HE CAN DO ANY-THING! LICK ANYBODY! FLY LIKE A BIRD AN' STUFF!



IF ONLY THE HOMELAND HAD ONE OF THESE COLOSSAL GUYS FROM THE COMICS!

YOU ARE RIGHT, ZORN~



~BUT WE ARE LUCKY, THESE AMERICAN CONTEMPTIBLES DO NOT HAVE ONE TO USE AGAINST US!

TRUE, BLACK!



LET'S HAVE A COUPLE OF COMIC MAGS~COLOSSAL GUY FOR ONE

AH! I FORGOT! A DREAM BOOK I WAS TO BUY FOR THE LEADER.

A BOOK PURPORTING TO GIVE THE MEANING OF DREAMS~EDITOR



SO THE LEADER READS DREAM BOOKS, EH? SUPERSTITIOUS! I'LL REMEMBER THAT! ZORN TOO, BY GOSH!



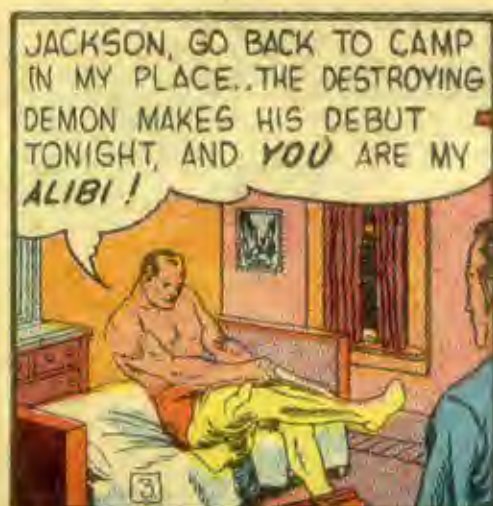
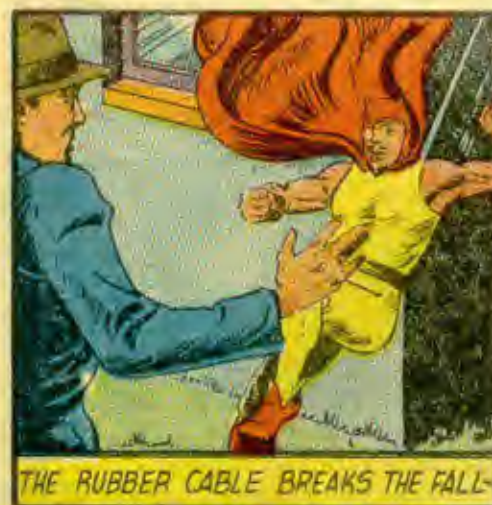
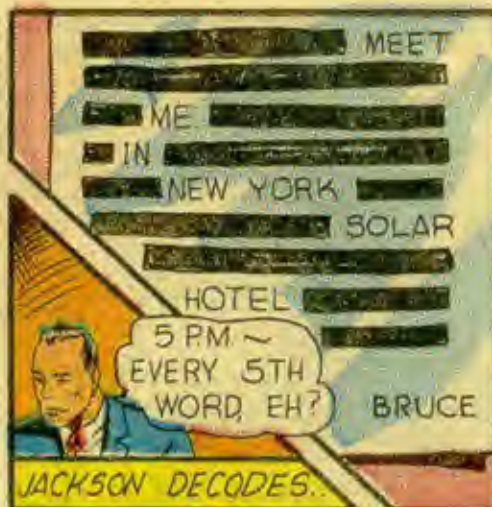
BY GOSH! IT MIGHT WORK! I'LL HAVE TO SEND FOR MY DOUBLE, LIEUT JACKSON!

THE NEXT DAY



I'LL USE CODE 5!







THAT NIGHT, BRUCE, IN COSTUME,  
HIDES IN THE BAND CAMP

BLACK, ZORN, ADDER~ NOW IN  
THIS CAR WE GO TO THE  
RESERVOIR!



AS THE CAR PASSES, BRUCE  
LEAPS, AND CLINGS TO  
THE TRUNK RACK.



HOPE WE GET THERE SOON...  
CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH  
LONGER!



AS THE CAR SWERVES FROM  
THE PAVEMENT TO THE  
RUTTED, RESERVOIR ROAD~



THE CYANIDE WILL  
KILL THEM ALL!  
CYANIDE!  
GREAT GUNS!



STOP! I COMMAND IT!



A DEVIL! SHOOT HIM!  
TAKE THAT!



AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO  
POISON THE WATER...

BUT THE BULLETS GLANCE  
HARMLESSLY OFF OF BRUCE'S  
BULLET-PROOF VEST!



BRUCE SCOOPS UP A GUN~



DIE, DEV~ UGH!

INTO THE WATER WITH  
YOU!



HELP!

SORRY, JACKSON~ THIS  
HAS TO LOOK GOOD!



OK, BRUCE!



THAT **CYANIDE** WON'T DO ANY **DAMAGE** DOWN THERE!



**BRUCE** DRIVES THE **BAND'S** CAR BACK TO **CAMP**



NOW FOR MY **DEMONSTRATION**. I'LL ATTACH MY **RUBBER CABLE**!



ATOP THE **BAND BUILDING**...

**DEMON-BAH!** IT IS A **TRAITOR!** AND THE **ONLY** MEMBER NOT ABLE TO ACCOUNT FOR HIS **TIME**~



SOME POOR **DEVIL'S** IN FOR IT!

~IS **OTTO SCHMIDT**. YOU KNOW THE **PENALTY**, **SCHMIDT!**



**NO-NO-I'M INNOCENT!** I'M~

THEY **WON'T** MURDER HIM IF I CAN **HELP** IT!



THE **DESTROYING DEMON**~



~**STRIKES!**



**BRUCE** SEIZES **SCHMIDT**, AND IS **SNAPPED** TO THE **ROOF**....

AN **HOUR** LATER.....

THAT **GANG'S POISON!** LET 'EM **ALONE**, **SCHMIDT!**

I **WON'T** **FORGET** THIS!



**COLONEL JORDAN, THIS IS BRUCE!** WE JUST FOILED A PLOT TO POISON THE **NEW YORK** **WATER SUPPLY!** HAVE **ALL RESERVOIRS** GUARDED! AND **COLONEL**~~



AND IN ANOTHER **HOUR**

~IF YOU HEAR **WILD** **STORIES** ABOUT A **SUPER-DEMON** FIGHTING THE **BAND**, PAY NO **ATTENTION!** **IT'S ME!**





# BIG TOP

THE HUMAN BULLET

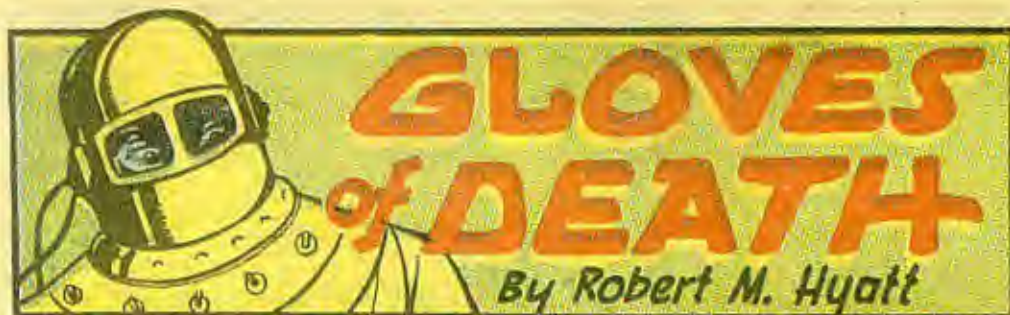




# BIG TOP







Ferguson, chief of the Catalina Junior Divers, tapped the scarred top of his desk and frowned.

"Boys," he said, "we're in a spot. Either we've got to find out what killed these chaps, or fold the outfit. In fact, the Coast Guard has given those orders already."

"But we're hardly under way!" exclaimed Bat Forbes, one of the members of the unique diving organization. "If we give up now—"

"I haven't said we're going to give up," interposed Ferguson quietly. "It's only that we can't go on having men killed under water by—whatever it is."

Hap Hanson, youngest of the outfit, piped up with, "We'll find out—even if we never salvage the *Katy D.* Why can't we—"

Ferguson halted him. "There's just a chance," he stated, "that

we'll solve the mystery tomorrow. I've asked Perry Scott, a marine specialist, to sail with us. If anyone can crack the puzzle, he can."

Perry Scott came aboard the amateur divers' small sloop just before sailing time next morning. Most of the youths had heard of young Scott's daring exploits in nautical crime solution all over the world. Now he was going to pit his super cunning against an under-sea killer that had everybody baffled and which had taken the lives of three robust youths in two weeks. Would Scott be successful?

They didn't cast off immediately and Perry looked quizzically at Ferguson. "Have to wait for the harbor pilot," he informed him. "Ah, there he comes now."

A dinghy was being rowed rapidly across the calm water of the bay, and in a moment a thick-set man climbed aboard, nodding indifferently to the crew. "Heave away!" he sang out.

It was an hour's sail to the point around the Isthmus where the *Katy D.* reposed on the muddy sea bottom. They dropped anchor and pulled down the sheets. Hannason, in charge of the diving gear, got things ready for the first trip below. There was some banter—rather serious—as Colby, who had drawn first dive, slipped his head into the makeshift helmet. Johnson manned the air pump. Then Colby slipped overside and disappeared.

The water is remarkably clear around Catalina Island. One can see bottom clearly even at thirty feet. A forest of weed hid the half-buried hulk of the *Katy D.* They saw Colby touch bottom and begin making his way toward the wreck, his feet stirring up plumes of mud-smoke which presently obliterated him from view.

Perry Scott watched intently the movements below. Then Colby signalled to be pulled up.

"All quiet down there," he re-

ported. "The others have cut almost through the weed; I think a half hour's chopping will do the trick . . . who's turn now?"

"Mine." Hap Hanson stepped forward and began rubbing grease on his face preparatory to slipping the odd helmet on.

The mud-smoke had risen close to the surface, still shrouding the bottom, but by now the area immediately below the mud-smoke would be glass clear. Hap searched through the gear a moment. "Wonder where my gloves are?" he said.

"Take mine, Hap," said Hackett the harbor pilot. He held out a pair of white leather gloves. The youth was reaching for them when Colby, ransacking the gear box, said, "Here's yours, Hap," and handed over the missing gauntlets.

Perry wondered a bit about that offer of gloves from the surly pilot. He imagined he had read a strange look in the man's narrow-



set eyes; but he could have been mistaken.

Hap stayed down a good half hour. When he came up he said, "Well, I hacked through to the wheel house. Air was getting a bit stale." To Ferguson he said, "I'm not certain but I thought I saw something down there, just a quick flash, then it was gone. Shark I'd say."

Ferguson shook his head. "Never heard of one around here. Of course—"

"How about a manta?" said Perry.

"Not the right shape," Hap informed him. "This chap was long, narrow—might have been a seal."

It was Johnson's turn. Before he had dipped into the grease pot, however, Perry Scott stepped forward. "Let me do this trick," he



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said. To the pilot he said: "Mind if I borrow those gloves? I have a bandaged thumb, and I'm afraid the other chaps' mitts will be too small."

Hackett handed the white gauntlets over, but there was a momentary reluctance in the act. Perry slipped his hands into them and stepped overside.

"Almost forgot," he said to himself. He made his way back to the spot where he had first touched bottom, then struck off to the left a few paces. Presently he came to a small black box on a tripod. He made a few adjustments, snapped a switch, and saluted the machine with a jaunty wave of the hand. He backed away, keeping in line with the single eye of the thing grinding away in front of him.



Ten feet off he halted and began waving his hands.

There was a sudden commotion a few fathoms to his right. The water churned and swirled and he could feel the agitation. Then a great dark shape shot out of the heaving water on his right and torpedoed toward him. With one motion he jerked the gloves off and backed away. The gloves remained directly in front of him, not sinking, and as he backed off they followed, drawn by the suction of his motion.

"Hm!" he said, "didn't foresee this one. Gotta make it snappy." He practically leaped backward. As he did so the monstrous thing struck. A vast mouth gulped the gloves, then the creature was gone, in a swirling arc.

Once more on board, Perry reported that he had lost the gloves, but that he intended to go down again. "I think I found something," he told Ferguson.

"What?" asked the chief, interestedly.

"Don't know yet." He hurried to the wheel house and rummaged through his gear. He came out on deck with a strange looking weapon. "Sub-sea rifle," he told the crew. Then he slipped on the helmet and went over the side, this time without any gloves.

A moment later there was a swirl and the great shape darted toward him. He tossed the gloves away from him and grasped the rifle firmly. When the beast shot down for the gloves, he fired ten rounds of explosive bullets into its dark body. Blood spurted, turning the sea red for a moment.

When the water had cleared, he approached the inert body of the creature. It was a huge barracuda, tiger of the sea, man killer!

He went back to the black box, shut it off, and gathered it up. Then he signalled to be lifted.

Wide eyes greeted him on deck. They had all seen the blood; thought he had been attacked. Perry shook his head, grinning. "But I've found your killer," he stated. "He's lying down there now. He can't get away. This little box," he explained, "is an undersea camera; it got quite a movie of everything that happened down there."

"Look out!" Johnson cried. But young Hanson had been too quick. With a short-arm jab he knocked Hackett to the deck. The pilot had a snub-nosed automatic in his hand.

Perry grinned. "He's the one," he said. "Been checking on him for some time. Works for a big salvage outfit in Pedro; they've been wanting to chase you guys off because there's a lot of gold aboard the *Katy D*. You probably didn't know that."

Ferguson shook his head excitedly. "Of course not. We thought it contained only some good diving gear."

"Uh-huh," said Perry. "Well, I checked on all this a week ago. Got the low-down on Hackett. When you see this film you'll have the complete story. The day be-

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fore yesterday I came out here and set up this camera so it would be ready for the job. I think that job is filled."

"Yes—but—" Ferguson was fumbling. "You say barracuda. But I can't understand. A barracuda wouldn't hang around hours at a time, waiting, as it were—"

"No," replied Perry Scott. "It wouldn't—unless it couldn't get away. You see, Hackett and his mob had somehow captured the 'cuda. They had him anchored down there with a heavy chain around the neck. Clever, I'd say!"

"But why," Ferguson demanded, "did the thing attack only three of the gang?"

"That's easy," Perry told him. "A 'cuda will strike anything that's bright—like white gloves. Didn't all the victims wear 'em? Hackett would hide the gloves and offer a pair of white ones. I found several pairs in his chest."

**FOLLOW PERRY SCOTT in  
MEDITERRANEAN MADNESS  
IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF  
FEATURE / On Sale  
COMICS / NOVEMBER 22<sup>ND</sup>**



# RUSTY RYAN OF BOYVILLE

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON






SMILEY/CALL WSSM AT SALT LAKE CITY...NOTIFY THEM OF THE POSITION! I'M GETTING SOME FELLOWS TOGETHER TO GO OUT TO THAT PLANE!

OKAY!



HEY! THE LOS ANGELES JUST CRACKED UP WEST OF MOOSE LAKE/GRAB YOUR SKIS AND C'MON!

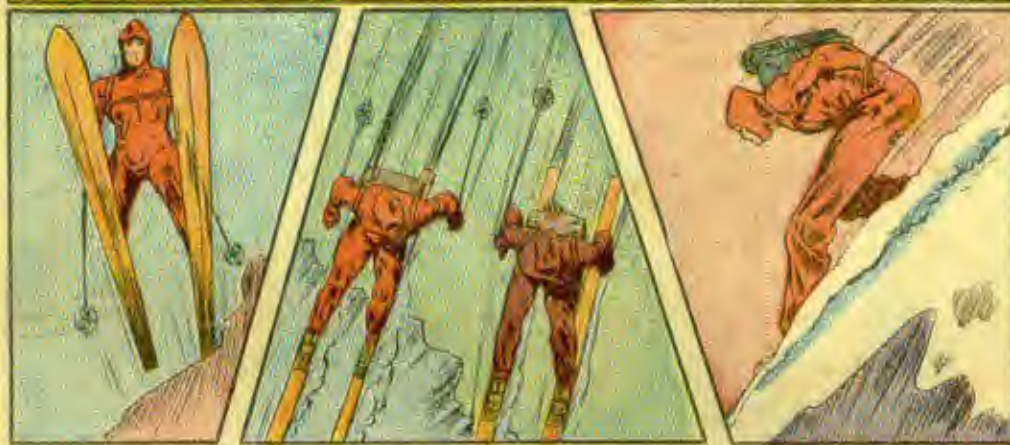
LOOKS LIKE A BLIZZARD IS BLOWIN' UP TOO!



AND A LITTLE LATER A SKI PATROL LEAVES BOYVILLE, HEADED FOR THE LOST PLANE



THEN FOLLOWS GRUELLING TRAVEL THROUGH SNOW, SLEET AND BITTER COLD... BUT THE BOYS MEET THE MANLY TEST...



WE SHOULD BE NEARING IT NOW...



THERE'S THE PLANE!! AND I CAN SEE SOMEBODY MOVING...THERE'S A FIRE!



BUT, AS THE PARTY ZOOMS DOWN A MOUNTAIN, A TREACHEROUS GORGE APPEARS JUST BEFORE THEM....



LOOK OUT!! PULL UP... PULL UP!! GORGE AHEAD! HEADS UP!



RUSTY ZOOMS INTO THE LEADER'S POSITION....



...AND LIKE A STREAK, HE BODY-CHECKS A BOY WHO IS HEADED FOR THE CHASM....



WOW! I STOPPED YOU JUST IN TIME, BOB!

I'LL SAY YOU DID, RUSTY!







WE'LL HAVE TO SKIRT THIS GORGE NOW TO GET TO THE PLANE!

RUSTY! I'LL BET THIS IS MOOSE LAKE GORGE, THAT CAPPY TOLD US ABOUT. IT'S 20 MILES LONG AND CIRCLES THE MOUNTAIN!



HMM—IT WOULD TAKE US TEN HOURS TO GO THAT WAY!

MAYBE WE SHOULD LET THE PEOPLE AT THE PLANE KNOW WE'RE HERE...



HELLOOOO!

S-SAY... LOOK! SOMEBODY'S COME TO HELP US!



YEAH—TWO OF THE PASSENGERS ARE BADLY HURT... AND THE REST OF US ARE HALF FROZEN!

IT'LL BE TEN HOURS BEFORE WE CAN ENCIRCLE THIS GORGE AND REACH YOU!



WHAT? WE'LL NEVER LAST THAT LONG AS WE ARE NOW... OUR CLOTHES AND FOOD ARE.....



BUT THE WORDS DIE OUT AS A TERRIFIC GALE WHIPS UP SLEET AND SNOW ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE.....



IT'S THAT BLIZZARD—IT'S STARTED!

WHAT CAN WE DO TO HELP THEM, RUSTY? AND IT'LL GET 20 MORE DEGREES COLDER!



GIVE ME YOUR LONG ROPE, CHUCK... I'VE AN IDEA!

OKAY—TAKE IT!



YOU FELLOWS HOLD TIGHT TO YOUR END—THAT'S ALL!

I HOPE THIS WORKS, RUSTY!



OKAY!! I'LL BE BACK IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES... JUST KEEP CLEAR OF THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE, FELLOWS!



W-H-E'S GOIN' UP THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!

YEAH! HE'S GONNA JUMP THE GORGE... AN' TAKE THE ROPE WITH HIM!



HMM... I'D BETTER NOT MISS!



RUSTY WHEELS AROUND ON THE STEEP SLOPE AND STARTS BACK DOWN... HIS SPEED INCREASES TILL HE FLIES LIKE A BULLET...



JUMPIN' HOP-TOADS! THAT FELLOW'S GOING TO TRY JUMPING THAT CHASM... IT'S 50 FEET EASY!... AND SUICIDE!



GOOD LUCK, RUSTY!



WOW! I MADE IT BY INCHES!! WHEW....



H'YA HANK! HERE... GIVE THIS BEEF BROTH TO THE OTHERS.. WHILE I FIX THINGS UP HERE... THEN HAVE EVERYBODY COME UP THIS WAY...



THEN, FASTENING THE ROPE ON HIS SIDE OF THE GORGE, RUSTY TIES PASSENGERS TO HIMSELF AND FERRIES THEM OVER...



SMILEY--I'LL GO BACK AND GET THE SCHOOL SLEIGH TO HAUL 'EM... GET THEM DOWN TO THAT MAIN ROAD... MEET ME THERE!

RIGHT...



SAY! DOESN'T THAT GUY EVER GET TIRED? LOOKIT HIM GO NOW... IT MUSTA TAKEN HIM A DOZEN YEARS TO LEARN TO SKI LIKE THAT!



NO... NOT THAT LONG, MISTER... WHAT?? WHY I NEVER SAW RUSTY'S ONLY HIS FACE TILL JUST NOW, AND UNDER HIS HOOD... BUT I'D SWEAR THAT RADIO OPERATOR I ALWAYS SPOKE TO, WAS AT LEAST 40!







ACE EGAN IS THE POSSESSOR OF A BELT FROM ANOTHER PLANET—ALSO A SPACE SHIP... WITH THE WEIRD POWERS GIVEN HIM BY THE BELT, HE FIGHTS FOR HUMANITY.



IN EUROPE, BLOODY STRIFE RAGES.

AND EACH WARRING NATION WANTS ONE THING—OUR HELP

IF WE COULD ONLY GET THE U.S. IN ON OUR SIDE!



AND, IN ANOTHER CAPITAL...

THEY WILL BE FIGHTING FOR US IN 60 DAYS! IT IS ARRANGED!



OUTRAGEOUS! LOOKS LIKE THE SPECIAL FOREIGN COMMITTEE'S GONE CRAZY!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, ACE?

AND IN ACE EGAN'S CLUB, WHERE HE IS KNOWN ONLY AS A PLAYBOY

THINK OF WHAT?



WHY—THE PRESIDENT'S NEW COMMITTEE ON THE WAR SITUATION IS SWINGING TOWARD THE DICTATORS!



A BREAK WITH THE ALLIES SEEMS UNAVOIDABLE NOW!

BUT WHY?



THAT'S WHAT NOBODY KNOWS—IT'S INSANE!

THE ACE OF SPACE SHOULD LOOK INTO THIS!

MAYBE HE WILL!



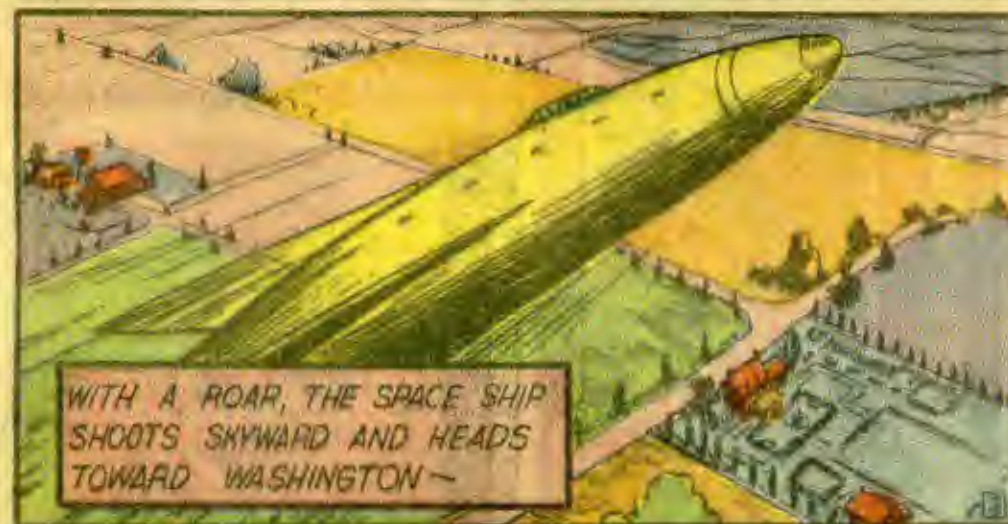




30 MINUTES LATER-ACE'S HOME



-AND BECOMES A 9 FOOT GIANT



MEANWHILE IN WASHINGTON, THE FOREIGN COMMITTEE MEETS





IN 15 MINUTES HE WILL BE HERE., AND TOMORROW ~ WAR FOR AMERICA!



SO TELEPATHY'S ONE OF MY POWERS! I KNOW THAT TREATY WILL BE SIGNED IN 15 MINUTES. GOT TO WORK FAST!



THE SHIP DROPS TO EARTH NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE



AND DISAPPEARS FROM SIGHT.



THIS IS THE QUICKEST ROUTE TO THE WHITE HOUSE.



AT THE WHITE HOUSE GATE

NO VISITORS~ SAY, WHO ARE YOU?



I'M NO VISITOR!



THEY'RE MEETING IN THAT ROOM~



~ON THE 2ND FLOOR..



HERE GOES!



PARDON MY INFORMALITY, YOU SNEAKY IMPOSTERS!







WE'RE LEAVING! AN OUTRAGE.

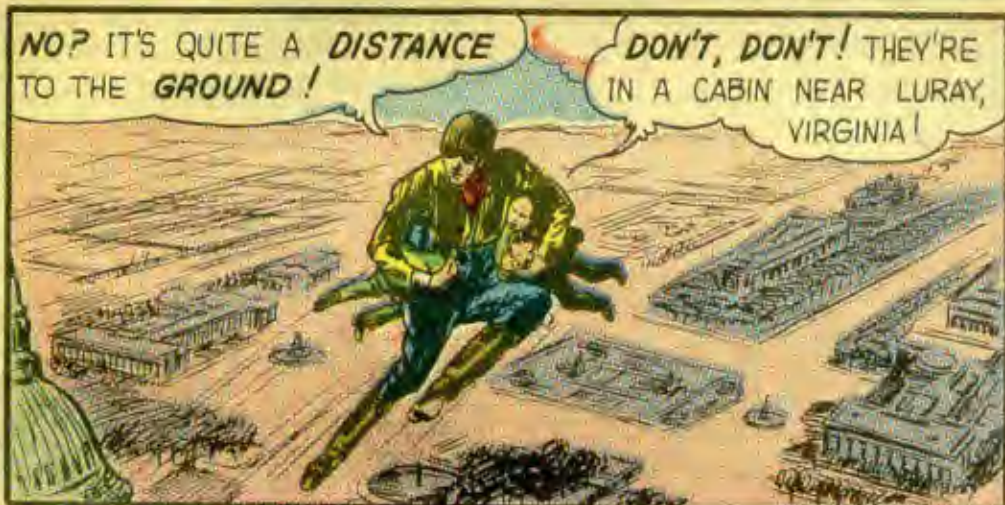
HELP!

YOU'RE~



YES~I'M THE ACE OF SPACE! WHERE ARE THE REAL COMMITTEE MEMBERS?

I WON'T TELL!



NO? IT'S QUITE A DISTANCE TO THE GROUND!

DON'T, DON'T! THEY'RE IN A CABIN NEAR LURAY, VIRGINIA!

MEANWHILE~AT THE WHITE HOUSE



DON'T SHOOT. YOU FOOL! YOU'LL HIT THE WRONG ONE!

BANG!



AND THE SHOT GLANCES OFF ACE'S BELT OF POWER, UNFASTENING IT!



FASTER AND FASTER ACE DROPS EARTHWARD. THE PRECIOUS BELT FALLING BELOW HIM



HE'S SHRUNK!

WE'RE FALLING!



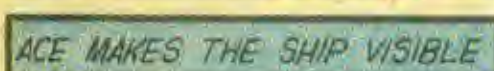
IF I CAN ONLY CATCH UP TO IT IN TIME!



GOT IT!



ONCE MORE WEARING THE BELT, AND INDEPENDENT OF GRAVITY, ACE AND THE 3 IMPOSTERS LAND AT THE SHIP



ACE MAKES THE SHIP VISIBLE



A MIRACLE! GET IN AND SHUT UP!



10 MINUTES LATER, THE SHIP  
COMES TO REST NEAR LURAY VA



NOW, WHERE'S THAT CABIN?



LEAVING 2 OF THE IMPOSTERS  
LOCKED IN THE SPACE SHIP..

THANK HEAVEN!

THE ACE  
OF SPACE!



..... ACE FINDS  
THE REAL COMMITTEE..

YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO  
WASHINGTON FAST. THESE  
BIRDS JUST ABOUT HAVE US  
IN A WAR!



15 MINUTES LATER, AT  
THE WHITE HOUSE



STOP! WE WANT TO TALK  
TO YOU!



AN HOUR LATER, THE SPACE  
SHIP IS OVER THE ATLANTIC,  
NEARING EUROPE.

I'VE A SURPRISE FOR  
YOUR BOSSSES!



OVER ONE DICTATOR CAPITAL



AND ANOTHER ~ ~ ~



AND IN THE THIRD CAPITAL



WHAT IS THIS? RETURNED  
WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF  
THE ACE OF SPACE!





# REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTIES

by *ART DICKMAN*

NESTLED HIGH IN THE HILLS, THE TOWN OF RED ROCK IS IN AN UPROAR AS A SCOURGE OF WITCHCRAFT LEAVES DEATH AND DESTRUCTION IN ITS WAKE—THE PEOPLE RISE IN FURY TO STAMP OUT THOSE WHO DABBLE IN DEMONS AND SPIRITS.

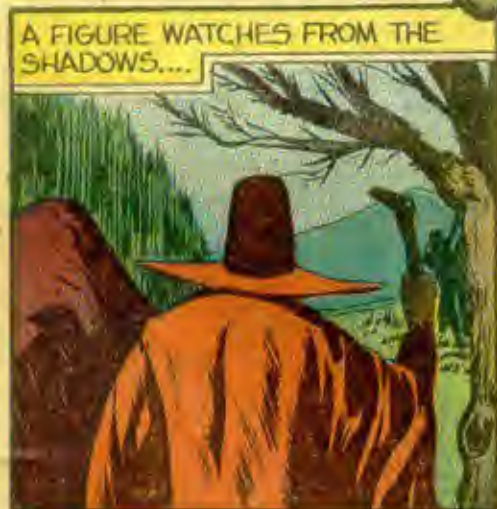


THOSE WHO WORK FOR THE DEVIL, INJURE CHILDREN, AND CAST ILLNESS ON OUR HOMES, MUST NOT LIVE A MINUTE LONGER!

SHELBY, THE TOWN MARSHAL, ADDRESSES THE PEOPLE...



WE'VE GOT TO ROUND THEM UP—SO FAR, WE'VE CAUGHT THREE WOMEN WITCHES AND WHEN THEY CONFESS, WE'LL GET MORE!



A FIGURE WATCHES FROM THE SHADOWS...



AS SHE WENDS HER WAY HOME.....

I SUPPOSE I'M NEXT—HEH—HEH!



AT MOUNTIE HEADQUARTERS.....

WITCHCRAFT IN OUR AGE?...IMPOSSIBLE! IT'S FANTASTIC...YOUR CASE, SERGEANT—HOP TO IT!

YES SIR!



UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, A FIGURE STEALS TOWARD THE OLD HAG'S SHACK...

IF ANYONE SEES ME—I'M LOST!



MOTHER—QUICK! YOU MUST HELP ME!

SHELBY!! YOU WANT HELP FROM A WITCH? HA—HA—HA—HA!!



IT'S MY CHILD—HE'S STRUGGLING WITH THE DEMONS... DOCTORS HAVE FAILED—ONLY YOU CAN GIVE HIM THE DEMON'S CURE!

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN—BUT FIRST, SIT DOWN!



ON THE WITCH'S ORDER, SHELBY BARES HIS ARM—SUDDENLY SHE PRICKS IT WITH A NEEDLE.....



THEN SHE PRICKS HER OWN ARM.....



THEN, TELL ME WHO IS BEHIND THIS WITCHCRAFT RACKET...YOU AND THE OTHERS, WHO ARE TAKING OVER THE RANCHES OF THE CONDEMNED WOMEN!





REYNOLDS FIGHTS VALIANTLY AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS....



THAT GOT 'IM!

OH-H!



BOYS! LOOK - IT'S THE WITCH! GRAB HER!



AS THE MEN RUSH AT THE OLD CRONE, SHE RAISES HER ARMS AT THEM.... FLAMES AND BLUE LIGHTS SHOOT OUT AT THE MEN, THROWING THEM INTO PANIC.....



HEH-HEH! LOOK AT THEM RUN...HMM- THE MOUNTIES' OUT COLD!



NEXT MORNING-

OW-MY HEAD! GREAT SCOTT!! I'M IN THE WITCH'S CABIN!



REYNOLDS LOOKS AROUND THE CABIN... HE FINDS A BOOK.....

NOW I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND - WHAT'S THAT ON THE FLOOR... A NOTE!



I, JOHN SHELBY, CONFESS THAT I FORMED AN AGREEMENT WITH SIMON GRABBLE TO DIVIDE THE RANCHES OF ALL CONDEMNED WITCHES IN RED ROCK -

John Shelby



SO! SIMON GRABBLE, THE RICHEST MAN IN THESE PARTS, IS BEHIND THIS WITCHCRAFT SCARE, EH? TAKING RANCHES OF INNOCENT WIDOWS AND MAKING THE TOWNSFOLK THINK THEY'RE WITCHES!



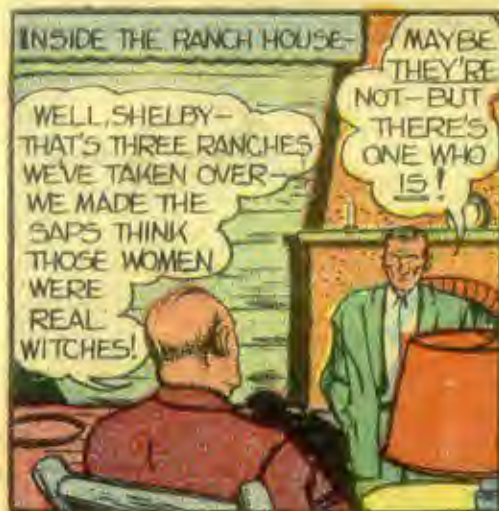
BUT WHERE'S THE OLD WITCH WHO SAVED ME? ...GUESS SHE'LL TURN UP AGAIN...NOW TO CALL ON SIMON GRABBLE!!



THERE'S GRABBLE'S RANCH...I'D BETTER TAKE IT EASY AND SEE IF I CAN LEARN SOMETHING FIRST!











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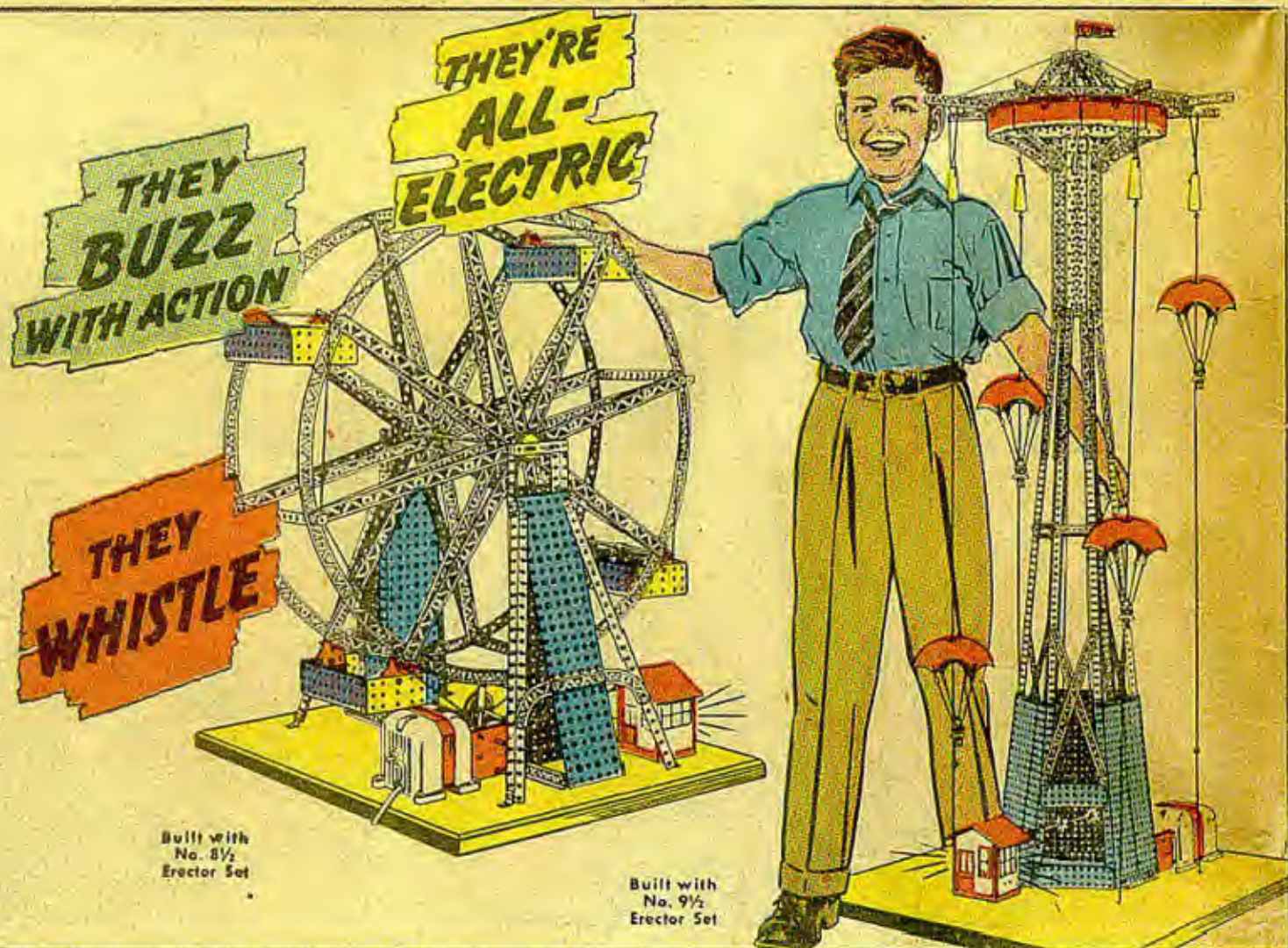
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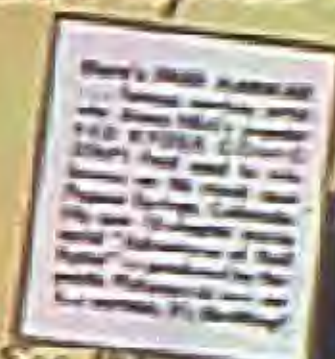
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- ☐ \$1. ELECTRIC FOOTBALL
- ☐ \$1. ELECTRIC BASEBALL
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